

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,
LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,"
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, January 22, 1836

[No. 16.]

SEDUCTION.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

(Concluded from p. 114.)

MR. DASHMORE, who was kneeling by the bed-side, said every thing in his power to mitigate her agitation; but whenever he addressed her, it appeared to increase; and at length the physicians persuaded him to quit the apartment; assuring him, that her life depended upon being kept composed. As soon as the agitated young man had quitted the sick chamber, Doctor Freeman, in a low tone of voice, enquired whether I was the lady's friend; and at the same time informed me, that Dashmore, in his presence, had promised, if she recovered, to make her his wife. From this intelligent physician I found that the fever had been brought on by her having eaten a quantity of ice at a dance; and the malady had been increased by her accidentally hearing of her amiable mother's untimely death. To a mind debilitated by a violent disorder, the reproaches of an accusing conscience must have been dreadful to bear; and her intellects sunk under the acuteness of those sensations, which, unsubdued by sickness, she might have sustained.

Though Doctor Freeman allowed the patient's recovery to be possible, yet the hopes he entertained appeared to be

faint. I therefore sent an express immediately to Mr. Butler, who arrived in Manchester-street about 12 o'clock at night. The medicines which Doctor Freeman had administered to his patient, for several hours produced a most profound sleep; and during that time the mind of Mr. Dashmore appeared one moment elated by hope, and the next depressed by grief. As I really sympathized in the young man's sensations, I said every thing in my power to mitigate his distress, when he told me, that, from his first interview with Matilda, he had implored his father to give his consent to the making her his wife; but that he had threatened to disinherit him if he persevered in the idea, yet offered to make him a splendid allowance if she consented to being kept.

That a parent should thus allure his child to the practice of seduction, appeared a crime so unnatural, as scarcely to be conceived; yet, when I reflected upon the numerous vices Sir Charles Dashmore had been guilty of, the shocking account was easily to be believed. Upon the carriage driving up to the door which brought Mr. Butler, the agitated young man hurried out of the room, imploring me to assuage the violence of his emotions, by assuring him, he was ready to make every reparation in his power. "Tell him," said he, "that, even in this dreadful state of derangement, if a licence can be procured, I will make her my wife."

As I had prepared myself to see this unfortunate father agitated in a greater degree than I had ever beheld, I was astonished to see him enter the parlour with a countenance more resigned than it was possible to expect. "My Matilda still lives!" said he, "I am informed by the servants, and has enjoyed some hours of undisturbed rest. I bless the Almighty that I shall once more behold her, and, I trust, whisper comfort to her agitated breast."

When I informed him of Mr. Dashmore's generous intentions towards Matilda, if it pleased the Almighty she should be restored, he replied, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? and can my child's character become unspotted, by the mistress being converted into the wife? No, my dear Sir, Matilda shall take no advantage of those professions which compassion alone could have produced. If Sir Charles Dashmore would have disinherited his son for marrying my daughter when innocence and loveliness would have been her only dower, what would be his sensations at hearing he had united himself to a girl whose character had been publicly disgraced?"

I was prevented from replying to these admirable sentiments, by the nurse entering to inform us, that her mistress was awake, and that she appeared perfectly to have regained the powers of recollection, though she seemed very

languid, and could scarcely speak. Doctor Freeman, who at that moment returned, requested that her father would not think of going up stairs, until he found whether his patient's mind might be injured by the interview, or whether it was likely to tend to its relief. In less than half an hour he returned again to us, and told Mr. Butler, he had informed his daughter that he was there, that it seemed to afford her the highest consolation, and that she had requested he would immediately go up stairs; but at the same time desired the nurse to quit the chamber, as she wished to receive him quite alone.

It was in vain that the worthy man attempted to subdue those emotions which the sight of a beloved object is calculated to produce: and it was not until he had taken a reviving cordial, that he found himself able to rise from his seat. After an absence of an hour, he returned to us; and though the traces of sensibility were still to be seen, yet his countenance displayed a mixture of sensations softened by resignation, and illumined by delight.

"I understand from my dear Matilda," said he, that Mr. Dashmore's father is hourly expected at his house in town; and as she can not positively tax her remembrance, I am inclined to think he may be arrived: I shall therefore send a messenger with a letter, that will prove to him, that though I despise his conduct, I still respect myself." So saying, he seated himself at the writing table, and addressed the Baronet in the following style.

To Sir Charles Dashmore.

"If my mind was capable of feeling any gratification in a passion so degrading as that of revenge, I should not have taken the trouble of informing Sir Charles Dashmore, that his son has made honorable proposals to my poor deluded child, and is only anxious to recompense the injury he has done her, by converting the mistress into the wife. This proposal has been positively rejected, from a sense of what is due to a family in a more elevated sphere: but had Sir Charles Dashmore felt what was due to the sensations of two affectionate parents, the object of their solicitude never had been here. Though the father who could conduct a son into the path of

seduction, I consider as a disgrace to the name he bears.

"If a union, formed under the sanction of those laws which are no less political than they are divine, could restore that virtue which my child has sacrificed, I should have rejoiced in seeing her. Mr. Dashmore's wife. But as a character once obscured can never become resplendent; or the female who has deviated from rectitude, ever acquire respect, I purpose taking her to a spot where she is an entire stranger, and where she will neither be exposed to observation, severity, or contempt. This plan, perhaps, may not be easily accomplished whilst Mr. Dashmore remains in the house. It is, therefore, my request, that, by persuasion or compulsion, the destroyer of my Matilda's happiness may be removed.

"With a mind tortured by the most afflicting sensations, I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

EDWARD BUTLER.

To this letter Mr. Butler received an answer highly complimentary to the sentiments it expressed, and at the same time offering an allowance to Matilda, that would at once raise her above every pecuniary distress. Scarcely had Mr. Butler perused this epistle, and expressed his indignation at the idea of his daughter's being obliged, when a servant arrived to inform Mr. Dashmore, that his father was suddenly taken ill. Though the young man appeared shocked at this intelligence, he refused quitting the house without seeing the object of his desires; when, after exploring her to persuade her father to consent to their union, he promised to return to her again in a short space of time. Though Mr. Butler was persuaded he would not have the power of fulfilling this promise, yet he felt anxious to have his daughter removed; and the moment Doctor Freeman thought it could be done without danger, she was carried to a lodging that was ready prepared.

Whilst Matilda was attended by her father with unremitting tenderness, I returned to my country seat, and undertook the disposal of Mr. Butler's property, as he had determined to take up his residence in Wales; for a sister of his wife's had long lived in that country, and after her death had persuaded

him to settle there. The penitent Matilda was delighted at the prospect of removing from a spot where her history was known; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to begin the journey, intreated her father to leave the town. A sick bed has often produced the most salutary consequences; for by its influence the greatest libertines have sometimes been reclaimed: it therefore is not wonderful that the heroine of my story, after her recovery, should have found her disposition changed. As a daughter, she became both dutiful and affectionate; and by all her acquaintance was generally esteemed.

OF LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

A Neapolitan being at work in a field bordering on the sea-shore, his wife, who was at some distance from him, was seized by the Corsairs of Tunis, and carried on board their vessel.

The Neapolitan threw himself into the sea, swam to the ship, and intreated the captain to take him in.

The good man well knew he would be sold as a slave, and the consequent misery and hardship he should undergo; but love for the object who had hitherto shared in his labors, and enjoyed with him the fruits of his industry, predominated over all other sensations. While the Turks were astonished at his temerity, he continued supplicating to be taken on board; he told them, that the woman they had taken from the field was his wife: "we have," continued he, "long shared happiness, and we can bear misery together, grant us only the consolation of being sold to the same master, it is all I ask; deny me that and one grave will, I trust, soon contain us."

The Turks admiring the man's affection, on their return, told it to the king of Tunis, who, being pleased with this singular instance of conjugal fidelity, not only gave them their liberty, but each a place in the palace.

Two Hibernian sons of Neptune, walking in the Mall, the other day, whilst they were coppering the cupola of the state-house, said Paddy to his friend, "Arrah my honey, but this is the first time in my life, that I ever saw them copper-bottom the top of a house."

AN AFFECTING STORY.

THE Count De Pelzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of an aged widow. He was finely made, brave to an excess, and desperately in love with Mademoiselle De Benskou. She was in her eighteenth year; gentle, beautiful, and endowed with extreme sensibility.—Her lover, at the triumphant age of twenty-one, was as much loved as his mistress was admired, and the day was fixed to crown their happiness by their nuptials. It was the 20th of June, 1770. The Prussian troops are always ready to enter upon a campaign; and on the 17th of June, at ten at night, the regiment of the Count received orders to set out at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a castle within four leagues of that city. He therefore was obliged to depart without seeing her, and wrote to her a letter, from the first place where he stopped, in which he declared it was impossible for him to live without her, and requested that she would follow him without delay, that their marriage might be celebrated in Silesia. The officer wrote also to the brother of the young lady, who was his most intimate friend, to intercede with her parents in his behalf.

The young lady set out, accompanied by this brother and the mother of her lover. Never did time seem so slow as to this charming girl; but the journey was at length over, and they arrived at the city of Herstadt. It was morning; and—"Never," said her brother, "did my eyes behold a finer woman than my sister: the exercise of the journey had given a brighter bloom to her complexion, and her eyes were mirrors which reflected what was passing in the heart."

"But, oh! how deceitful are the hopes of mortals! How often does the moment of felicity touch the moment of misfortune!"—The carriage is stopped in the street, to let some soldiers pass, who were advancing with slow steps, carrying in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight. Little did she suspect that it was her lover. Some Austrian foragers had advanced close to the city, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning with desire to distinguish himself, he darted forward before his troop, and fell a victim to his unfortunate impetuosity.

To paint the situation of this unhappy girl, would be to insult the heart and imagination of every reader of sensibility.—Her lover is placed on his bed; his mother at his feet; his mistress holding his hand.

"Oh! Charlotte!" he exclaimed, opening his dying eyes. He made an effort to speak more, but his voice failed him, and he burst into tears. His accents had pierced his mistress to the soul: she lost her reason—"No!—I will not survive you!" said she, snatching his sword. It is taken from her, and the dying officer makes a sign with his hand for her to approach him. He pressed her close in his arms, and, after two painful efforts to speak, he said, with a convulsive sigh—"Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother!" and instantly expired.

In the troop that made this sortie so fatal to the young Lover, there were only two men wounded; and he was the only person killed. When I passed Berlin in 1779, the young lady had not been restored to her reason.

MEMOIRS OF M. GARNERIN.

M. GARNERIN is a native of Paris, and the son of a pewterer in that capital. His father, though very far from being in opulent circumstances, sent him to the university at an early age; but it cannot be said that he went through any thing like a regular course of studies, as he only remained three years at college, and never entered the class of natural philosophy. It was at the period that the noted Montgolfier first invented and exhibited his balloon, that young Garnerin, more captivated by the new discovery than in love with classical learning, soon conceived the idea of making little balloons for himself, and of letting them out from his chamber windows. The principal of the college, however, seeing that he totally neglected his studies for the pursuit of such baubles, told him, in the most peremptory manner, that he should either abjure his balloon mania, or quit the seminary. Garnerin preferred the latter, and went home to his father, who was far from being satisfied with his conduct.

When the revolution broke out, which was soon after his leaving college, he became a volunteer in the Parisian National Guard; and though he proved very attentive to his military avocations, he

did not lose sight of his favorite amusement. Not having money sufficient to purchase a balloon himself, he applied to a rich and avaricious person, who bought one for him, and gave him a mere trifle for ascending in it, on condition that he should receive the cash which the public were to pay for admission. Even this proposal was acceded to by Garnerin. His parents, however, learning that he was on the eve of going up in a balloon, applied to the Mayor of Paris, and conjured him to prevent their son from exposing himself to such imminent danger. But the magistrate refused to interfere; saying, that the business was not within the sphere of his jurisdiction. The distracted father and mother then waited on General La Fayette, who was Commander in Chief of the Parisian Guard; and begged he would interpose his military authority, and not suffer the giddy youth to ascend. La Fayette acquiesced in the favor they solicited, and sent a file of soldiers to put the young adventurer in confinement. But Garnerin saw the men approach, and guessing what had been their orders, immediately drew his sabre, threatened to run the first person through who should interrupt him, cut the cords which kept the balloon to the ground, and ascended with the utmost velocity, amidst the acclamations of thousands.

When the monster Robespierre filled France with widows and orphans, the Revolutionary Committee of Public Safety deputed Garnerin to the army of the north, then commanded by General Ransonnet. He appeared there in the capacity of Commissioner; and, as he was known to possess a considerable portion of inflammable matter, he was invested with extraordinary powers.

His functions called him to Marchiennes, in Flanders, a few days before the Austrians attacked that place and carried it. The Austrian division was under the immediate command of the Duke of York, and Garnerin became a prisoner to the British. He was sent with the others about 1600, to Oudenard, whence he deserted about two months after, but was retaken almost immediately. He passed into the hands of the Austrians, and was conveyed up the Danube, into Hungary, where he remained till he was exchanged. He complains highly of the French Government, for having refused to pay him his arrears during the period of his captivity.

Garnerin is of a small size, and is about thirty three years of age.

Hints to young married women, by one who has practiced them herself.

IT has often been thought that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and, even in this case, the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his mistress like a rational being, rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it. Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely upon all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she would wear the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. Now, can a sensible man expect that the poor, vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother?

When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become, in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method that is of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem for those objects that we intrust with our future happiness!

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters—a wife, a mother, a friend.

Sweetness and gentleness are a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied by youth and beauty; they are then incitements to virtue, preventives from vice, and affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment: never triumph in revenge. Who is it that you afflict?—the man upon earth that should be dearest to you; upon whom all your future hopes of happiness depend. Poor the conquest—when our dearest friend must suffer!—and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory.

Let your tears persuade: these speak the most irresistible language with which you can assail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husbands' esteem and affection by the very method which was given us to insure them.

Study every little attention in your person, manners, and dress, that you find to please. Never be negligent in your appearance because you expect nobody but your husband: he is the person whom you should chiefly endeavor to oblige. Always make home agreeable to him: receive him with ease, good humor, and cheerfulness; but be cautious how you enquire too minutely into his affairs abroad. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy; appear always gay and happy in his presence: be particularly attentive to his favorite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will, at all times, counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection: ask their advice in your household affairs, and always follow it when you can consistently with propriety.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself; but never betray your friends' letters or secrets to him: this he cannot, and indeed ought not to expect. Be always glad to see him; but do not be laughed at as a fond, foolish wife. Confine your endearments to your own fire-side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse you, for a weakness, which upon reflection you must condemn.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING serious intentions of entering into the marriage state, I think there can be no impropriety in mentioning the qualifications, which I consider requisite in a wife, at the same time hoping it may assist me in finding so desirable an object.

In the first place let her be handsome, but let not her beauty consist so much in the texture of the skin, or regularity of features, as in a lovely expression of countenance, which shall be indicative of good sense and an amiable disposition. Let her hair be any color but grey or white, and her eyes any color but white or red. To give a particular description of her nose would be inconsistent with the limits of an advertisement, but it must not be very narrow between the eyes, for this shews want of sense,—it must not turn up at the point, for this discovers a weak mind and a haughty disposition;—and the middle piece, or wall of partition, (I forget the anatomical name) which divides the whole great fabric of the nose into two apartments, must not reach far below the other parts of this august prominence, for this shews a narrow, contracted, covetous disposition, which is peculiarly disagreeable in a woman. As to the size of her nose I shall not be particular, but it must not be so small as to look like a fool, nor so large as to be inconvenient; within these bounds, however, a pretty large one would be preferable; at all events it must be large enough to inhale and exhale a sufficient quantity of air to breathe comfortably with her mouth shut.

I would not have her very tall or short, nor must she be so fleshy as to resemble a hog's head in magnitude and rotundity, nor so lean as to feel like a bag of joiner's tools. I wish her to be fond enough of dress to appear neat, elegant and even fashionable; provided the fashions do not infringe upon decency. Too much attention to dress argues a little, trifling mind, and not enough bespeaks the slut. She must never wear any stockings but white, and a frequent use of the snuff-box I should consider a very serious objection. She must be perfectly neat in every respect, neat in her dress, in her person, in her house, and above

all, in her eatables and drinkables.—She must never fret, scold, swear, or use any rough, indelicate language whatever.

In a wife I wish to find a friend, a companion, an equal, I shall therefore have no idea of usurping any authority over her, or that she should over me. Consequently she must be able to govern herself in all things. None of either sex are so conversant with perfection as not to require more or less government, and when they can perform this themselves, it will save others the trouble of doing it for them.—I wish her to possess a large share of sensibility, the more the better, provided it be of the genuine kind, and subject to the guidance of reason. There is a spurious sort of sensibility that sometimes makes silly girls cry and snivel at the death of a fly or a bird, while the misfortunes and sorrows of their fellow creatures can have no effect upon their feelings. This I call foolishness.

She must be kind, benevolent and generous, and must take more pleasure in giving money to the needy, than in spending it for gewgaws and trifles. She must rejoice when others are happy, and sympathize with them when they are afflicted.—The pearly tear which flows from a feeling heart, and is shed for the woe of another, would give greater lustre to her charms, in my eyes, than all the diamonds of the east, and the south, and all the dazzling ornaments of the rich and gay.—There is a pleasing kind of melancholy, the offspring of genuine sensibility and genius, which I wish her to possess and without which, I am apt to think she can never know the sweetest pleasures of friendship.—And as I before observed, I want her for a friend, yes, a feeling friend, and I wish her to be uniformly so,—not all *honey* one moment, and all *vinegar* the next.—I hate those flirting, fluttering, unsteady females, on whom no dependence can be placed, and who have no more sense or sentiment than dolls, but keep up a continual *jabber, jabber*, like a flock of geese.—But though I despise an everlasting talker, yet I wish her to be sociable, and speak whenever propriety dictates.—She must possess a taste for books, but let it be for such books as are calculated to enlarge and improve the mind. I shall have no objection to her perusing now and then a novel, provided her mind be well stocked with useful knowledge and she is

blessed with judgment enough to select the good and reject the bad. But I had rather she should not know even the alphabet, than that her reading should be confined to novels, as is too much the case with most young ladies who pretend to be conversant with books. But provided her studies are properly directed; the more extensive her education the better, I care not how much useful and scientific knowledge she may possess.—I know it is said that much learning makes women vain and self-conceited; but I also know it is a mistake,—it is the want of it. In like manner religion, is said to produce hypocrites, but every candid observer will acknowledge that it is the want of it.—A superficial education renders men vain, pedantic and assuming, and the same is the case with women. But it is so rare a thing to see them possess much information, that when they arrive at what we call pedantry in men, we give them credit for a thorough education, and then draw the conclusion that much knowledge spoils them.

I would not have her obstinate and opinionative, but I would have her independent in her sentiments.—It bespeaks a weak mind, as well as a bad heart, to be continually veer'd about by popular opinion, or by those with whom we may happen to converse. She must also possess well established principles by which to regulate her conduct.—If she can treat with neglect people of merit because they are poor, or flatter vice when she discovers it in the rich and respectable, her own merit must be small indeed, and her principles good for nothing.

She must possess too much goodness to propagate evil and slanderous reports about her neighbors, or even listen to them when told by others. A disposition to palliate the offences of all, is truly amiable, and those who have the fewest faults themselves are the most apt to overlook them in others. This forgiving disposition will also be very necessary at home, for I will be candid enough to acknowledge that I am not without my faults, and I will carry my candor still farther, and frankly tell her, that I do not expect perfection in her. If therefore we cannot mutually forgive each others failings, it will be impossible for us to be happy.—I am not in the habit of calling young ladies angels, or of considering them so. There is something to be sure very pleasing in the

appearance of a handsome girl, handsomely dressed, but I have found that most young ladies appear less lovely upon acquaintance than before. But let it not be supposed that I am unfriendly to the sex. No, far from that, I am a greater friend to them, than they in general are to themselves.—I wish them to be what they ought to be, and those who are so, no person can more sincerely respect, than myself.—Perhaps I shall be called difficult in the choice of a wife, and if it is meant by that, that I shall insist upon her possessing certain good qualities, and being free from certain bad ones, I shall acknowledge the accusation to be just.—But this much I can say for myself, that I do not mean to be unreasonable, and I am confident that I am not so difficult but that I can be suited.

From what I have said I think it will not be difficult to draw a conclusion what sort of a wife I wish for, if therefore some young lady who can answer tolerably well to this description, will be so kind as to describe the qualities which she expects in a husband, and I should find on examination that they are not too far beyond my reach, I should be happy to become acquainted with her, after which we can rationally determine whether it will be proper to enter into any serious engagements or not.

MUSICAL PAINTER.

GERRARD LAIRESSE, painter, born at Liege, made a considerable fortune at Amsterdam. Previous to his quitting this last city, he had been invited to the house of an eminent painter, who conducted him into his workshop, requesting he would favor him with one of his performances; but the painter and his pupils were greatly astonished: Lairese, instead of drawing a painting, pulled from under his cloak a violin, on which he played some sweet airs; he afterwards seized the pencil, sketched the subject which he proposed to execute, retook his violin, played a few airs, then resumed his pallet, and continued alternately playing and painting, till, in the space of three hours, Lairese had completed an exquisite painting. It was always through the assistance of his violin that this celebrated artist performed his work.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 22, 1803.

For the accommodation of literary correspondents, a box for the reception of letters is placed at the gate-way to the office of the VISITOR, No. 90, William-Street, where communications will be thankfully received.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY.

The city clerk reports the death of 31 persons during the week ending on the 16th inst. viz. of Apoplexy 2—Pleurisy 1—Small Pox 4—Consumption 5—Pneumonia 1—Dysentery 1—Drop-sy 2—Debility 1—Decay 1—Sudden 1—Cholic 1—Relax 1—Fits 3—Whooping-cough 1—Decline 1—Sore-throat 1—Palsy 1—and of diseases not mentioned 3—Of the whole number, 16 were adults, and 15 children.

At a Common Council, held on Monday, the 17th of January, 1803, it was ordained by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the city of New-York, that Bakers in future, stamp the initials of their names, on the bread they offer for sale, on penalty of a forfeiture of such bread if unmark'd.

To make their bread of good and wholesome flour or meal, and according to the assize as regulated and published by the Chamberlain of the city, on pain of forfeiture of such unwholesome or weight-wanting bread, which may be appropriated to the use of the poor; and the baker or person who shall cause or procure the same to be baked, shall moreover forfeit and pay ten cents for every loaf thereof.

No bread to be forfeited, for the want of weight, only, unless the same shall be ascertained within 8 hours after the same is baked.

The Common Council to appoint once in every three months, or oftener if they shall deem it necessary, an Inspector or Inspectors of Bread, who shall make oath before the Mayor or Recorder, well and faithfully to execute the trusts reposed in him.

The Chamberlain to publish on every Saturday, an assize of bread for the ensuing week.

THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14.

PROVOK'D HUSBAND; *Vanbrugh and Cibber.* WHEEL OF TRUTH; *James Fennell.*

This excellent and very popular comedy, although supported by the new farce was played literally to empty benches.

We were pleased to see that the alterations we suggested in our last register had been made by the author of the farce previous to the second representation, and before our remarks were published.

There is so little scope for exertion in any of the characters of this piece, except that of *Harlequin*, that we shall only notice Mr. Hodgkinson's performance of that motley character; which was spirited, whimsical, and well pointed. Several illiberal remarks having appeared on this gentleman's assuming, what the author of one witty squib is pleased to entitle the "agile" *Harlequin*, we must in justice observe, that the *Harlequin* of Mr. Fennell's piece is not the Hero of Pantomime; not that imaginary being, who, void of speech, uses action instead of words, and whose whole stock of wit lies in his heels; but a moralist, who, like the Fools of the old drama, under a privileged coat, utters wholesome truths, and flashes vice and folly with the scourge of satire. We advise our brother Critics not to wince and cry out so unmanfully.

SATURDAY, JAN. 15.

BLUE BEARD; *Cosman the younger.* THE LIAR; *Footie.*

To empty benches.

The Comedy of the Liar is one of the best of *Footie's* pieces, all of which are so eminently enriched with easy dialogue and genuine humor. Many of this author's productions must lose much of their power to please as the local circumstances on which they are founded become obsolete; but the Liar deserves immortality.

The *Young Witting* of Mr. Hodgkinson is a specimen of true comic acting; and Mr. Martin's *Pupillion* is entitled to high commendation.

MONDAY, JAN. 17.

FIRST LOVE; *Cumberland.* And WHEEL OF TRUTH; *Fennell.* For the benefit of the author of the farce.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19.

THE WONDER; *Mrs. Centlivre.* And a FARRAGO of TUMBLING and PANTOMIME. For the benefit of Mr. Robertson.

Extract of a letter from Washington, to a gentleman of this city, dated January 19, 1803.

"The Senate of the United States yesterday acted upon the nomination made by the President of James Munroe, and consented that he be appointed minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary at both the courts of Madrid and Versailles, to act in concert with our ministers resident at those courts; who are vested with like plenary powers, to negotiate for the enlargement and better security of our rights to the Mississippi, and to the east side of said river."

The following Memorial has been presented to the people of the Western Country for their signatures, and proposed to be forwarded to the government of the United States without delay.

To the President, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

We, the undersigned inhabitants of the Western Country, respectfully represent—That the port of New-Orleans is closed against us, by a decree of the Spanish Intendant.—That we owe the United States arrears of excise, and other debts and taxes, and have no means to discharge those demands, but the produce of our farms.—That shut out as we are, from a market for our produce in the east, it must rot on our hands, unless the government receive it from us at a reasonable price, or protect us in the prosecution of a lawful trade. That in our humble opinion, prompt and decisive measures are necessary, for the maxim is peculiarly applicable to our situation, that "protection and allegiance are reciprocal." We take leave further to represent, that we rely with confidence on the immediate interposition of the United States; but while we state our trust in the government of the union, and give assurance of our co-operation in any decisive measure in behalf of the just right of any part of our country, we must declare that we have a right to demand, and we do demand that the government either adopt such measures as will secure us in the prosecution of a lawful commerce, take our produce from us at a reasonable price, or otherwise relieve us from contributions of any kind whatever.

We wish not unnecessarily to embar-

pass the communication between the United States, and the Spanish government, nor wantonly to break in upon any amicable adjustment of a difference, which has arisen from an unprovoked violation on their part, of a solemn treaty, but we wish the United States explicitly to understand, that our situation is critical; that delay even for one season would prove ruinous to our country; and that imperious necessity may therefore compel us, unless relief is afforded, to resort to measures which we may deem calculated to insure protection to our trade, though they may result in consequences unfavorable to the harmony of the Union.

A murder was lately committed at East-Greenwich, (Rhode Island) by one Anthony Spencer, on the body of Mr. Thomas Strait. The latter was cutting wood on land, by leave from his neighbor, when he was ordered off by Spencer, who on refusal, went to his house, procured a scythe, returned, and thrust it through the body of Strait, which soon terminated his existence.

On the 3d inst, Mr. Asa Mason, father of the unfortunate Ebenezer Mason who was lately executed in Dedham, (Mas.) was found dead in his barn in Medfield—his neck being broken, it is supposed he fell from the scaffold to the floor.

Extract of a letter from one of the officers of the Constellation, dated United States Frigate Constellation, off Leghorn, October 16, 1802.

A melancholy affair happened last night. As the boat of the schooner Enterprize was returning to her from the ship Chesapeake, she upset with 8 men in her—it was blowing very hard indeed. About 8 o'clock we heard a man overboard, picked him up with our boat, and he gave us the account. Lieut. Stewart and myself immediately went off, and in the course of two hours picked up three more. The other four and the boat have not been heard of. A Mr. Ennis, midshipman, was one of the drowned.

A Duel was fought at Leghorn, on the 16th of October last, between capt. McKnight and lieut. Lawson, of the United States ship Chesapeake, which proved fatal to the former the first fire.

Fire in Boston.

On Saturday last, about 7 o'clock in the evening, a fire broke out in the Boston Museum, and consumed the building, with a number of others, adjacent—The museum was nearly all destroyed. At 11 o'clock the alarm bell was again rung, and four small wooden buildings were consumed.

FROM GUADALOUPE.

Wilmington, (Del.) Jan. 6.

Arrived from Guadaloupe on the 1st inst. the schooner Fair Play, in twelve days passage. From the letters of the consignee, we collect the following circumstances:

The island is perfectly quiet. Business is getting into its old train. All the emigrant proprietors who had not taken up arms, were reinstated in their former situations.

The consignee was forced at the point of the bayonet, to put on board six people of color.—Sixteen had been ordered on board. The provisions however, being barely sufficient, on remonstrance of the consignee to that effect, the commander in chief insisted on the admission of no more than six.—When these six were carried to the vessel, captain Anthony refused to receive them. A threat to haul the vessel up, reduced him to the necessity of a compliance. All the American vessels share a similar fate. The consignee entered a protest with the notary public, on this strange affair.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
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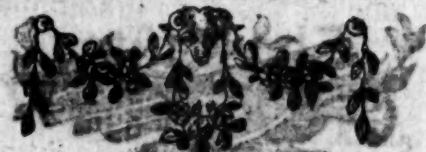
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Tales of old Times.

BY
Mrs. Rowson.



MAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John Tom, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Riker, of Newtown. (L.I.)

Same evening, Mr. John Boyd, to Miss Mary Moore, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Samuel Marks, printer, to Miss Maria Latham, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr. James Coutant, to Miss Mary Ludlam, both of this city.

On Monday, Mr. Daniel Oakley, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah Catharine Forbes, of Newark.

On Thursday evening, Mr. John Winter, of Gottenberg, (Sweden) to Miss Ann Mortimore, of Connout, (Ireland.)

At Norwich, the Rev. Salmon Cone, of Colchester, to Miss Anna Breed.

At Boston, John Sweet, to Miss Hannah Thatcher.



Deaths.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Jacob Driskell.

On Wednesday, the 12th, inst. in the 75th year of his age, Timothy Bloomfield, of the township of Woodbridge.

At Kingston, (St. Vincents) John Sconce.

THEATRE.

On Monday, January 24, will be presented
A Comedy, called,

Liberal Opinions.

To which will be added, a celebrated
Comic Opera, called

Robin Hood.



[FROM THE PORT FOLIO]

ON THE DEATH OF A TAR.

A SONG.

FRANK FID was a tar d'ye see,
As true, as e'er handed a sail,
Tho' the ship's gunnel in, yet still he
Would laugh at the noise of the gale.
With his grog 'gainst the storm he prepar'd,
And squinted the juice of the quid,
Now below, now toss'd high on the yard,
'Twas all just the same to Frank Fid.

One day, off the Cape-of-Good Hope,
As head to the wind lying to,
His foot took the bite of a rope,
And bilg'd poor Frank's skull on the Fl: *
The doctor was sounding his brain,
While the blood from his scuppers ran fast;
"Avast!" he cried, "caulking's in vain,
For death has sheer-bulk'd me at last.

"Come, mess-mates, no longer deplore;
What's life? but a squall at the best!
And tho' I can cheer you no more,
I mount to the truck of the blest:
I never fear'd danger, nor toil,
While an inch of life's brace stood the shock;
But now the last flake of my coil
Is reev'd thro' eternity's mylock.

"Thro' life's stormy sea as I sail'd,
By the compass of friendship I steer'd,
And ne'er by distress was I hail'd,
But my lockers still open appear'd;
And whilst, with a shot they were stor'd,
None ever unaided went by,
When pray they no more would afford,
I gave all I had—*by a sigh*."

"I feel I must weigh—while I speak—
Death's capstan heaves short on my heart—
My anchor is almost a peak—
What then? I have acted my part:
Safe birth'd in felicity's bay,
I shall ride by the ledge of delight!
G's your hand then"—No more he could say,
His soul went aloft in our sight.

FERDINANDO.

* The sailor's abridgment of the Duke of the anchor.

Cowards resemble scales, which rise when the op-
posite side sink, and vice-versa.
True love is the most change of all ties.

THE OSTLER'S COMPLAINT.

RECITATIVE.

IN Knarbro' town an Ostler named Bob Eagle,
Contrived, by words of promise, to enveigle
A beauteous maid called Mary, alias Molly,
Smart, active, lively, blithe, young and jolly;
Who first ensnar'd poor Bob by manners winning,
In washing shirts, and getting up small linen;
A sixpence broke between them in a grove,
Was fairly halv'd in pledge of mutual love;
But proving false, (take heed ye faithless minnies)
Bob was adjudg'd to pay Moll fifty guineas!
The perjurd swain, as fast as he was able,
Unhappy, sought the shelter of his stable,
Where, 'mid the rustling litter stretch'd along,
He clear'd his voice, and thus began his song:

Singing, 'tis said, for grief a cure is;
But nought can comfort me, good lack!
Except to halter cruel injuries,
And curry-comb the Judge's back.

Foremost once in every gay band,
Bob frisk'd as lively as a Colt;
But now a noose of twisted hay-band
Thy neck deserves, thou stupid don!

Oh! Molly when I saw thee washing,
First rub and squeeze, then squeeze and rub;
And 'twid the snowy soapbuds splashing,
I thought thee Venus of the tub.

To leave thee Moll, to pine and languish,
I own deserv'd an oaken sorel;
But Lawyer's costs, inflict more anguish,
Than either whip, spur, curb or rowel.

Pierc'd to the heart, poor ROBERT 'gan to weep,
He gap'd, he rubb'd his eyes, and then fell fast asleep.

A humorous author compares love to the small-pox,
the longer it is in making its appearance, the more
violent is the disorder.

A man in a passion may be compared to a river
overflowing its banks: do not therefore attempt to stop
it, but get out of its course.

The first step towards vice is to throw a mystery
over innocent actions; and whoever loves to hide his
meaning, has, sooner or later, reason to hide it. This
single moral precept may take place of all others: nev-
er do, or say any thing, that you would not have all
the world to see or hear.

Patriotism is a passion in the people, but a virtue in
philosophers.

A coffer without a lock shows that it contains no
treasure; as a mouth always open, denotes an empty
brain.

A secret is like new wine, it naturally spreads itself.
Love is the son of desire and beauty.

In war, life and death lodge together at the sign of
chance.

We must have a sound mind to feel the charms of
reirement.

Debts are like children conceived with pleasure, and
brought forth with grief.

JUST PUBLISHED

By Ming & Young.

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Booksellers in this city, price 25 cents.

†† A few copies will be bound in a pocket-book
manner.

JOHN DOWNS,

Respectfully informs the public, that he executes
Painting and Glazing with neatness and dispatch, at
his shop, No. 7, Jacob Street.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
14 doors from the Fly-Market, up
Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street,
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Among all the innocent, salutary, and perfectly
effacious Cosmetics of Smith's preparing, improved
chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative,
holds the most distinguished rank, and is famed at
every toilet of fashion in London, and, from the great
demand, will soon be so in America. That the pub-
lic may no longer be imposed on by the trash under
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turned. It is likewise of so innocent a nature, it
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keeps the lustre of beauty to extreme old age, makes
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mished by wrinkles, pimples, tan, morphea, and
every other deformity of the skin. It is exceeding
fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it heals and
takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face
smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed directions,
6s per bottle, small do. at 3s. Ladies that take the
Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement.
Smith would just mention, that his chemical milk of
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analyze this wash, and express their wonder that
a thing so innocent would have such an immediate
effect upon the skin.

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